

Touch

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Summary: Moonlightship requested by Genga. A simple touch, that's all it takes to create that spark, that feeling of love.

***Chapter 1*: Touch**

***Alrighty, Moonlightship, requested by Genga.
Honestly, I think I could've done better, but hey.
READ!***

Mia breathed a deep sigh of ease as they sailed. The sun was shining down heavily upon the Lemurian ship. Despite the recent cool weather caused by the powers of the Mercury and Jupiter Beacons, the warm sun was a welcome break. She was, of course, accustomed to frigid temperatures, which Felix said she would see more of in Prox, but she was always glad to feel the gentle heat of the sun with a light sea breeze.

Moreover, the unhindered sunlight always sparkled so magnificently upon the ocean's surface as they sailed through it, it was almost blinding at times. She loved watching the sea, when it was calmer of course. It made her feel so small, put things in perspective for her. She and her friends were just kids on this quest, kids fighting to save the world. If they succeeded the world would likely never know it was them, and they would return to their normal lives.

The expansive blue always had such a sedative effect on her. Whenever she felt unsure or worried of anything, watching the calm ripples of the water's surface always reassured her, even when she would watch the frozen covers of the Imilian waters. Maybe it was the kinship she felt with its calmer state, that and sharing the power of Mercury, maybe it was the way it seemed it could just hold one up on its surface, surrounding it as it washed out any worries.

She smiled as she eyed a school of fish swimming alongside their ship, moving through the waves and froth that was being thrown up against the vessel. Turning from her item of affection, leaning back against the rails, she looked out over the deck of the ship to gaze upon her friends. Felix and Isaac were discussing something to do with what direction would be best to avoid an area of rapids that was in their path to the north. Sheba and Ivan were running around obviously playing some game of sorts. Piers and Gareth were sparring atop the cabin so as not to risk coming near Sheba and Ivan's games.

"Hey-a, Mia." A voice called happily to her side, *"What ya doin?"*

Mia turned, smiling to the advancing form. Jenna was beaming as she approached, waving happily to the healer. In the short time they had spent together they had become friends rather fast. Mia had to admit she had initially been rather intimidated by the girl considering the stories she had heard from Isaac and Gareth... or rather the half-stories considering the two boys had neglected to mention a great deal of details.

The fiery redhead was bit... touchy, at times, but otherwise she was tremendously good company. The two of them often traded stories about Isaac and Gareth, Jenna filling in Mia on the details from their past they had neglected to mention, no matter how embarrassing, and Mia told of everything Jenna had missed of them on their quest together.

"Nothing." Mia responded, smiling, turning back to the sea, *"Just watching the waves."*

"I guess it is nice to look at..." Jenna commented as she walked to her side, *"I never really paid attention to it."*

Jenna stretched out, before placing her hands down on the railing, one of them brushing against Mia's own.

Heat.

Such incredible warmth. It radiated up through her hand, along her arm before settling in her chest and intruding upon all of her senses. Everything seemed to leave her for that singular moment before Jenna apologised and placed her hand down on the rail a few inches away. Within that second Mia couldn't feel anything but the delicate skin against her own and the incredible tightness within her chest.

All her senses seemed to just focus on the girl beside her for that fraction of a second. How her hair smelt so strongly of cinnamon. How the girl's tanned complexion seemed to be highlighted by the silken strands of burgundy that fell around it. How her ruby-red eyes reflected the blue of the sparkling sea before them, their sheen almost purple with the fiery mix of Mars within her and Mercury of the sea. How sweet the quick laugh and apology sounded from her lips as she removed her hand. How cold she felt when the contact was gone...

Mia swallowed, smiling to the girl beside her as she tried to refocus, catch up on whatever conversation topic she had started. She tried to understand what had just happened, why she felt cold now despite an obvious heat in her cheeks.

Cold.

A chilling bite of such cooling tenderness. It was almost electric as she felt it, forcing her to carefully withdraw her hand, apologising with a nervous laugh, to place it away. Still... the sensation persisted, even after her hand settled

on the slightly damp warmth of the wooden rail. Jenna had never known the cold, or anything below an average temperature for that matter, to be pleasant for her at all. It had almost been shocking to touch, it was so surprising... so... nice.

She couldn't shake her thoughts from it, how the slight cold of the pale skin she had brushed seemed to carry internal warmth with it, such a calming, easing, impression that she found herself longing for it again. She wanted to understand it, to feel it again, to feel that touch. She felt herself swallow as she chanced a glance at the healer to her side.

Her eyes were unfocused, staring out at the sea in front of them. The red colouring in her cheeks was intensifying the highlights of her pale complexion. The girl breathed out, and Jenna quickly looked away, doing her best to strike up some topic of conversation. She wasn't really paying attention to what she was saying, it might have been something about being worried about the Lighthouse, she wasn't sure.

She was aware that Mai's gaze was upon her, and she was doing all she could to combat the warmth in her cheeks while she avoided the gaze and stared into the gentle blue of the sea beneath them. The sea that only served to remind her of the girl beside her who had just leaned more heavily against the railing, responding to her words. Mia had obviously caught up, it was time she did paid attention to what she said.

It had been an hour since... since whatever had happened between Jenna and her down by the cabin. Since then, Mia had spent her time in the crow's nest watching the seas and the land for miles around her. She had done all she could to try and understand what exactly that had been when Jenna

had brushed against her. She had never felt like that before, ever, with anyone. She had shaken hands with, hugged, and healed everyone on this ship, even Jenna, and had never felt such soothing warmth with such brief contact.

She drummed her fingers along the railing, so alike to the one from earlier, as she thought. Perhaps Jenna had just been using her Psynergy for something. Even for the warmth of the day, it was still relatively cold, maybe she had been using it to keep herself warm, and it had just transferred to her momentarily. It seemed a sound excuse, but Mia couldn't shake the feeling that wasn't it, it wouldn't explain why it had spread through her, rather than just remain in her hand.

Surprise, perhaps? It had been, the heat of her hand had shocked her enough. Maybe the mix of the two had just fooled her into thinking the warmth had spread. Though... that didn't explain why she had felt so cold after her hand was gone, or why she couldn't stop thinking about Jenna. How she looked, how she smelt, how she talked, the way she smiled. She took a deep breath and exhaled very slowly as these thoughts actually started to be realised by the young healer.

Do I... do I like Jenna? She thought cautiously. She dismissed the thought as silly. Something unexplainable had happened and she was jumping to ridiculous conclusions. Of course she didn't *'like'* Jenna. Jenna was a great person, and she was attractive, but she liked her like she liked Isaac, Felix, Sheba, or Piers. She was a great companion and excellent company on this ship.

She shook her head, laughing at herself from being silly. That kind of relationship wouldn't be right for her. She was the last of the Mercury Clan. Imil needed the line to last, so

her *'liking'* Jenna was just ludicrous. Besides, what benefit did anything like that have?

"Hey, Mia, what's so funny?" A bright, chipper, voice called to her.

Mai turned, smiling fully, as the young, blonde, form of Ivan clambered to the top of the ladder and stood before her. The boy was so cute with his little mischievous smile considering how short he was in comparison to everyone else on board.

"Nothing." Mia smiled. Gods knew she didn't need Ivan knowing what she had just thought, especially since it would result in everyone else knowing, *"Just thinking of my young hero."*

Ivan snickered, falling to one knee as he took Mia's hand, the hand Jenna had touched, in his own, *"Ah, milady, it fills the heart with such joy to know one as beautiful as you think of one such as I."* The boy played, kissing the back of her hand before standing back up, smiling.

Mia blushed from the action, easily embarrassed as ever. She did note though, that not even Ivan kissing her hand had produced the same effect as a simple brush of skin with Jenna. Maybe she did *like* Jenna. She shut herself up again for jumping to stupid thoughts, especially around a mind reader.

"So, what's up?" Ivan asked, leaning back against the railing, *"You've been up here alone for a while. Something on your mind?"*

Yes. Quite a lot actually. Mia thought, expecting the boy to already be secretly reading her, *"This and that. Little worried about the Lighthouse, about what'll happen after, when we have to part ways."*

Ivan nodded, scratching the few hairs he was quite proud had grown on his chin, *"Deep."* He commented, *"But, don't worry about it. We'll all make it through just fine, we'll save the world, and we'll always make time to get together. No way we'll forget each other."*

Mia smiled kindly to the response, *"I know. Won't stop me missing you though."*

Ivan smirked, *"Ah, don't get teary-eyed on me. You know I'm not good with that sorta thing. If you're gonna cry go talk to Isaac, Garet, Felix, Jenna, Sheba, Piers, Kraden, Karst, Agatio, Saturos and Menardi's corpses, Dodonpa, those pirates from Champa, those thieves from Vault, Tret, Laurel, and pretty much anyone else on Weyard. They'll be much better suited to help you out than me."*

Mia sniggered internally before collapsing in front of him and gripping onto him for dear life as she pretended to sob into his tunic, *"O-oh, Ivan. I-I-I'll just m-m-miss you s-so much!"*

Even though Ivan knew she was joking that didn't stop him from becoming uncomfortable. He gently patted the back of Mia's head, saying: *"There, there,"* over and over. Eventually, Ivan became uncomfortable enough to leave Mia there to her jokes. Mia giggled as he walked off, it was a welcome break when someone could embarrass him instead. She stood back up, leaning back against the railing as her thoughts turned back to her situation with Jenna.

Frankly, Jenna couldn't believe what she was about to do. It really didn't seem like it would be the best idea, but she had to talk about this with *somebody*. Even if it meant talking to the most inept person for the job. Slowly, deliberately

placing one foot in front of the other, Jenna approached him before reaching out a hand to tap him on the shoulder.

"Garet?" She started hesitantly as her old friend beamed widely to her, *"Can I talk to you? Privately."* She affirmed, glancing in Sheba's direction.

The redheaded man shrugged, his smile growing, *"Sure, Jen, we haven't spent much time together since the big team up. It'll be fun."* Gods, she hoped that wouldn't be true at all. She didn't want this to be fun, especially for Garet. She'd never live it down if she couldn't figure everything out.

The two Mars Adepts left the common room, descending to the bedrooms below as Jenna guided him to hers. Sadly, the room was shared with Sheba so it required that she locked the door after themselves to prevent any undue meddling. Garet plopped down onto one of the beds while Jenna paced back and forth, an act that greatly confused the man.

"Uhh, Jenna?" He asked, waving a hand to catch her attention, *"You wanted to talk right? Unless that's changed to mean watch you walk back and forth in our time apart."*

"Shut up." She grumbled, chewing on her fingernails as she tried to get her thoughts straight. It always helped to be clear and concise with Garet, he was prone to be easily confused.

The man raised his hands as a show of peace and sat still, refusing to even tap his foot, as Jenna paced back and forth in front of the door. He wasn't sure what to think really. Initially he had considered this may be Jenna wanting to confess her love for him, but that little fantasy had been snuffed out rather quick by whatever sense of reality or reason he had.

"Mia." Jenna mumbled, her fingers still half in her mouth.

Garet smiled wider, nodding almost knowingly, *"Oooohhh.... Okay."* He started, *"So, what, you're jealous? Think Isaac likes her more than you? Uncomfortable because of the Mercury thing? I know I was for a while, which was hard considering how nice she is. I mean, I always wanted to spend time with her but something about her made me feel uncomfortable somet-*"

"Shut up!" Jenna reiterated with slightly more force than previously.

Again, Garet did just that. He wasn't sure he had ever seen her s uncomfortable before, he certainly had no memory of her ever nervously pacing around. He would have asked what was wrong again were he not smart enough to know it would just result in him being told to be quiet again. So, he sat, worrying for friend.

Meanwhile, Jenna was worrying what Garet would think of her. This kind of attraction wasn't exactly favoured in Vale. Not that it was against their teachings or that Valeans truly opposed it, but it was somewhat frowned upon for being *'unproductive'*. Garet, being a future Mayor of Vale, would no doubt consider all of this when she told him. No doubt he would tell Isaac too. Gods, Isaac. She dreaded having to tell him.

"Err... Mia... umm." Jenna repeated, wringing her hands as she stared at the floor with such intensity she thought she may sear a whole through it, *"Thing is..."*

"Oh, just spit it out." Garet said, almost laughing at the girl. Truly, he had never seen her like this, so anything to help her out of it was good, right?

"I think I like her." Jenna mumbled.

Garet raised a quizzical eyebrow, *"Wow. I'll alert each town of this ground-breaking news."* He replied, completely deadpan, *"That's not all that surprising, Jenna. You spend time with her, you're both nice people, and on this ship you don't really have much choice. Nothing to be embarrassed about."*

Jenna rolled her eyes, almost ready to burn the man for his stupidity, surely he could have put two and two together, *"No."* She responded through clenched teeth, *"I mean I 'like' her."*

Garet's face dropped, his eyes moving around as he tried to make sense of that information. For the first few moments he moved his mouth wordlessly, his fingers making small motions, before realisation struck like lightning forcing him to jump from the bed, gasping as he pointed at Jenna, *"You mean, you 'like' Mia?"* He asked slowly, quietly screaming the words.

Jenna bit down on her lip, this was about the reaction she had expected from her friend, and nodded to him. She refused to tear her eyes away, she just stared hoping to see some form of acceptance or advice in the shock present in his auburn eyes.

Garet just exhaled at the confirmation, slowly dragging a hand up his forehead and to the top of his hair, before he paused. A dumb smile slowly grew on his lips as he allowed his hand to fall back to his side, *"Wow... that's kinda hot."*

"Garet!" She squealed, delivering a punch right to the man's chest.

"Ow! What was that for?" He groaned, backing away from the girl.

Jenna shook her head, in complete disbelief that she had decided Gareth was the best to consult, *"I'm asking for advice here, not to fuel your fantasies, perv."*

The man laughed at this, *"Oh, Jenna, trust me. There's nothing you can say that I haven't imagined already. You're just making some of them more possible of becoming true."*

Jenna rolled her eyes, walking away from him and resting up against the door, knowing she would continue to hit him if she remained close to him. If she wanted advice she'd need him to be able to talk, and he wouldn't be able to if she killed him.

"Okay, okay." Gareth said kindly, his expression changing to one of kind understanding, *"Why don't you just start from the start? I'll do what I can to not sexualise everything."*

Jenna closed her eyes, wondering again why she had chosen Gareth. Surely Piers would have been the better option, maybe Sheba. She didn't dare go to this with her brother of course, and she didn't want to talk to Isaac about this. At all.

She began wondering about the start of this. She supposed it would have been when they touched earlier. It had been a little thing, but there had just been something about it. The feeling she had received from the accidental contact, the cooling warmth, the contrast of the two together. She had felt safe for that one moment. She had felt that no matter what she could make it through everything.

Gareth, while trying to be helpful and understanding, did comment that did seem a bit far-fetched for just one touch. He made the suggestion that Jenna was perhaps just

jumping to an answer that made sense than considering the fact that it could be a coincidence. That maybe she should put a bit more thought into it before she started telling everyone.

Jenna had to admit, it did seem rather... *flimsy*. One touch and suddenly she falls for the girl? Yeah, that's how most relationships start. She continued to tell Gareth of what had happened though, in that singular moment. How she had then turned to Mia and began admiring her. How the red colour of her cheeks seemed to mix so well with the blue of her hair and eyes. How her skin had been so soft when they had touched. How the girl just seemed so beautiful.

Again, Gareth granted that was something, but it didn't mean much. He could see how good looking Mia was. He could easily say what was attractive about Isaac or Piers though. Saying things that were solid truth wasn't much.

Jenna sighed, again Gareth was right. For an idiot he could actually be rather smart. She was just assuming things that just seemed odd at the time.

"Look, I'm not saying you don't like Mia. I'm not trying to stop this. I want you happy, no matter what. All I'm saying is don't go saying stuff like this. You're not sure of how you feel, you're just thinking things from something that happened once." Gareth said, placing his hand on her shoulder, Jenna having wandered closer as she spoke, *"My advice: give it time. Try and make it happen again. If you feel all these things again, then it wasn't just some random chance. Just, be careful, alright, Jen?"*

Jenna smiled, nodding to one of her oldest friends. She hugged him close, nuzzling her head against his broad chest for a moment, *"Thanks, Gareth. Just needed to tell someone."*

"No problem, Jenna." Gareth smirked back after they broke from the hug, "Now, come on, they were making dinner before we came down. I don't want to miss my helping, it'll cast suspicion on us too. Last thing you need is people thinking you're in love with me too."

Jenna shuddered at the thought, purely to joke with the man. He responded with a fake laugh and threatened to let her little secret out if she didn't treat him nicer. She groaned, rolling her eyes as the two of them made their way back upstairs.

Within minutes the nine occupants of the ship were gathered around the table in the common room, portioning out helpings of food from the plates and bowls in the centre of the table onto their own. There was an array of meats, vegetables, a stew, and numerous spices and sauces, on the table, all of which had largely been prepared by Kraden. Seeing as he didn't need to take shifts fighting monsters he had plenty of time when he wasn't studying to pamper all of them.

The air was jovial as everyone reached across the table, grabbing or passing something or another, as they began their feast. Mia had already begun her rather modest meal, not wanting to take too much from Gareth or Felix, seeing as they were voracious when it came to food. She smiled, taking a bite of her food, as she looked at Jenna who was sitting directly across from her.

She had since decided that the feeling she had gotten from the girl was complete coincidence. She had been rather absorbed in the comfort watching the waves had given her and coupled with the warmth of Jenna's hand and the surprise it had just mingled together and fooled her senses.

She glanced up the table, along the many faces she had become so fond of seeing day by day. Her talk with Ivan had made her rather sombre. She *would* greatly miss everyone when the time came for them to part ways. She'd miss hearing Gareth's and Ivan's jokes day by day, hearing Piers sigh as Sheba complained to him for not telling her his true age, to hear an order or argument from Felix and Isaac, or to hear Kraden spout some theory about Psynergy or tales of a piece of Weyard they had yet to explore.

She turned back to the exuberant girl smiling across from her. Of course she would miss Jenna, how could she not? She already felt like she had known her when they first met with how often Isaac and Gareth had told her stories. She'd miss being around for more stories, to be in those same stories about her when she would get letters or when they would meet up.

She would miss the way Jenna would smile when she laughing during those same stories, or when she got angry for Gareth telling it wrong. Or the way Jenna would be moody in the morning until she ate. She would miss how stubborn she was, how she would not give anything up, even if she knew she was wrong. She'd really just miss being near her.

"Hey, Mia, can you pass the pepper?" the girl in question asked, smiling to her.

Mia blinked, *"Hmm? Oh, of course."* She smiled, passing the small container to Jenna.

Jenna reached forward, and, as she grabbed the pepper, brushed Mia's hand with her own again. The same two hands from earlier. Mia breathed in sharply as Jenna took the pepper, her mind going blank for a moment again. She had felt that exact same warmth, that heat, from earlier for that

split second they touched. The feeling that travelled right to her chest and made her feel comfortable.

Then, she felt the same chill, the emptiness and cold as soon as the contact was broken. She missed the feeling already. She shook her head, not understanding any of this. She had been passing items around the table since she sat down, brushing against most of her friends' hands and yet only Jenna's produced this feeling in her. She could feel a steady heat rising in her cheeks.

Maybe... maybe she did actually like Jenna. This was more than mere coincidence. Once was coincidence, twice was definitely something more. A something that could still not be explained despite her best efforts as she continued to absently chew through her meal. Her thoughts returned to how she would miss Jenna, how she now realised she had dwelled on her more than any of her other friends.

She glanced at the girl, smiling. Jenna smiled back, winking playfully as she often did, as she ate her dinner. The smile and the wink made Mia's insides tighten, made her consider that her feelings for the girl were more than mere friendship, that the feeling she got whenever they touched was something more than they could understand alone. Stirring in these thoughts, Mia continued through dinner, being sure not to act odd.

Jenna smiled, being sure to reach forward so that Mia did not just place the pepper near her. She made sure she took the pepper from her, and that she touched her hand again as she did. She fully expected nothing to happen. Anything she had felt had faded after her talk with Gareth, and she felt completely comfortable being so near to Mia. There was

nothing awkward between them right now. So, Gareth was probably right... for once.

Then, she felt the cool touch pulse through her body. The feeling, so akin to drinking cool water, moving through her body as she brushed against the soft white skin of the girl across from her. It was accompanied by that slight warmth, the sensation of the cold adjusting to her own body and keeping her comfortable and safe. Jenna gently breathed out as she added a dash of the seasoning onto her meat, trying not to seem to off put by what had happened.

She didn't know what to think now really. She absently chewed on her food as she thought back to what Gareth had said to her. A simple touch was a bit odd for something like this, yet, there had to be something behind it. Some reason that such simple contact instilled such a great feeling in her and, judging by Mia's reactions both times, Mia. Maybe it was something as simple as the contrast of their elements.

Granted, it never happened when she had touched Piers in any way, or with Mia for Gareth. So, maybe it was because they were the same sex? She didn't like that thought really. She had never seen herself out of a heterosexual relationship, especially after she thought her family to be dead. As far as she knew she was all that was left of her family, and she had to continue their legacy.

Now though, Felix was back, and her parents apparently alive in Prox. Still... this kind of relationship wasn't exactly '*normal*'. You didn't often hear of it, certainly not in Vale. On the odd occasion one might, it was not talked of publicly. It was a subject of embarrassment, usually spoken behind the party's back. Then again... that was only a select few Valeans, and their town had been wrong before. They had

thought Alchemy would destroy the world, so, maybe they were wrong about this too...

Jenna found herself hoping that was the truth. Then it struck her. What did she care? She was never one to care what others thought of her, and if anyone spoke ill she would always be sure to correct them. Maybe she was concerned for Mia. The healer was shy and easily hurt. Well, anyone who would hurt her deserved to be punished. Besides, they were going to save the world, surely that would win them some points.

This was all assuming that Mia felt the same way at all. There was always the chance that these thoughts were just some foolish dreams. Dinner soon finished and Jenna decided that she would talk with Mia about it later that night.

Night had fallen rather quickly, the warmth of the sun disappearing and being replaced with the cooling light of a full moon. The Imilian healer had been unable to sleep and found herself on deck in just her nightgown. Mia found herself think briefly about the werewolves Sheba had talked about when she entered the moonlight on the deck. Really, she was just trying to distract her thoughts with anything. Since her first touch with Jenna she hadn't been able to focus at all. It was playing havoc with her mind and her feelings.

Yes, it always felt so nice. It was immeasurably comforting, so warm and welcoming. She found that the cold became more pronounced as she dwelled on it again. She just didn't understand this. Her upbringing had told her that it was wrong for two of the same gender to be together, though she

had never seen anything wrong with it really, and she had done nothing to enforce such a law in Imil as its healer.

That's what she was though: a healer. She was meant as a model of her people, a paragon, an example. She was meant to continue the Mercury Clan's line. If she were to enter into such a relationship what would Imil think? Though she never talked of the rules she grew up with, others did and those same others talked. Some in Imil did not approve of such things. Despite all of Imil showing nothing but adoration for Mia and her hard work for all of them, she imagined they would not be above talking behind her back.

She sighed, feeling the conflicts raging within her, making her feel slightly ill. She cast a quick Ply over herself, but it did nothing. She gently paced toward the railings to watch the sea, hoping it would calm her nerves, ease the turmoil of her thoughts. She rested her arms on the cool wood, becoming quickly accustomed to the chill against her arms. The sea was gently reflecting the moon and its light, shimmering in the pale light that fell upon it.

Mia breathed out, listening to the soothing sounds of the water lapping against the ship. It always comforted her so, the gentle sound of the sea. She closed her eyes, taking a deep breath of the salt-rich air, as she allowed herself to be lulled by the sounds.

"Mia?" A voice asked, a hand falling upon her own.

Mia blinked her eyes open, feeling incredible warmth permeate all of her form. She glanced to the side to see the brilliantly blazing burgundy eyes of Jenna kindly looking into her own.

"Are you okay? I was worried when you I noticed you weren't in your bed."

Jenna still hadn't removed her hand from its place atop Mia's. The feeling within each of them was growing stronger, lasting. It was so much greater than the short instance they had experienced twice earlier. Mia found her breath becoming shallower as the feeling settled throughout her entire body, and with the kindness in Jenna's amazing eyes reflecting the pale light of the moon she felt herself becoming lightheaded.

"Couldn't sleep." She breathed quickly, feeling her cheeks becoming the same colour of the eyes looking at her, *"Thinking."*

"What about?" Jenna inquired, tilting her head to the side slightly.

"This and that." She answered as she had with Ivan earlier, *"Worried about the future."*

Jenna giggled a little as she hugged Mia, *"Aren't we all?"* The girl asked, releasing Mia again.

The hug had been intense for that second. It was like the touch of their hands, but it radiated from every point in their bodies to their centres, filling them with such contentment and comfort. Mia found herself growing curious of Jenna, she was not often like this.

"What has you up?" Mia questioned, taking a wary step back so as to avoid anymore contact.

Jenna bit down on her lip, glancing at the wooden panels beneath them. The question had clearly made her very uncomfortable. She rubbed her arms, evidently feeling the cold of the night seeing as she too was just in her nightdress. Mia noted that her face was quickly beginning to

match the red colour of her clothing as she glanced around the floor.

Mia took a step forward concerned for her friend, it was unlike her to become embarrassed in any way. That was more of her area of expertise. Jenna could usually shrug off anything like that, *"What's wrong, Jenna?"*

Jenna scratched the back of her head. Her feelings were raging within her, doubt plaguing every single thought of confessing to the girl before her: Mia. The girl whose cerulean hair was currently highlighted by the silver of the moonlight, whose skin seemed to shine in the light, who made her feel so safe and comfortable when they were together, not just when they touched.

Jenna swallowed, considering all of this, but what if Mia rejected her? She knew Mia was kind enough to keep something like that a secret, but it could entirely ruin their friendship. The casual and fun back and forth they shared whenever they conversed. Worry was coursed over her face though, she was evidently concerned and Jenna didn't like doing that to her.

"Mia..." Jenna started, realising how dry her throat suddenly was, *"This is gonna sound really stupid. Like Gareth stupid, but, umm... remember earlier? You know... uhh... when our hands touched for a second or two?"*

Mia drew back slightly, swallowing as her cheeks coloured even more, and nodded in response.

"Well... er... I'm no good at this." Jenna whined, *"I've just been thinking about it all day. I... I just got this... this kind of feeling from it, you know? And it was nice."* Mia seemed to understand what she was talking about and had stepped

closer, *"I talked to Garet about it and... look... I'm just gonna say it, okay?"*

Mia nodded, her eyes wide in wonder as she had closed the distance between them.

"I think I like you." Jenna said all in one breath, refusing to breathe again until Mia responded. She couldn't breathe anyway, the words had taken all of the air from within her and seemed to have closed all passage to her lungs.

Mia stepped back again, the distance made from it like a canyon in Jenna's mind. The girl's mouth dropped open just slightly as she did, her entire face practically alight. She did *not* know what to think. It was so much easier when it was just in her thoughts that this was real. Now though, it was alive, her fears and reservations, her own feelings rising to the surface.

She liked Jenna, but she wasn't sure if she felt for her like Jenna did for her. She was definitely flattered by it. She had never thought that a *girl* would confess to her like this. Jenna was waiting for a response, her shining eyes fixed on Mia's form. Mia made sure to analyse every breath she took as she began her answer.

"Jenna..." She breathed out slowly, making sure not to smile or frown, or convey any emotion, *"I don't know what to say. Umm... I do know what you mean about the feeling you got when we touched. I felt it too, and it was very nice. It made me feel comfortable, welcomed, warm. But... I don't know about this. I... I just don't know how I feel about it..."*

Jenna frowned, taking a step closer to her. Mia made a gesture when Jenna made to speak, which silenced her and stopped her advance. Mia breathed in and exhaled once,

"I'm not saying I don't like you. I love spending time with you. It's just that I-"

Whatever Mia's words were going to be were stolen as Jenna pressed her lips into hers. Mia's eyes shot open and she tensed up incredibly, feeling Jenna's lips against her own and her hands on her arms. Then she relaxed, her arms falling slack beside her, revelling in the amazing feel of Jenna's rose pink lips on her own. She swallowed once, feeling newer sensations passing through her.

Jenna meanwhile was pegging all of her hopes on this final action. She had not meant to cut Mia off. She just hoped that this would help Mia realise how she felt about it all. Jenna hoped it worked, especially as she felt the cool touch of her lips. They were so soft, delicate.

Mia's senses returned and she realised the crimson-haired girl's lips were pressed against her own. Mia felt herself melting internally, the kiss moving through her, turning her body to jelly. She eventually regained control of herself, but instead of backing away as she had initially thought she would, she found herself returning the kiss, closing her eyes, pressing herself closer to the girl before her, and wrapping her arms around her waist.

Jenna smiled through the kiss almost laughing at the acceptance and intensified the kiss. Wrapping her arms around the Mia's neck, feeling the gentle strands of her cerulean hair between her fingers, Jenna pulled herself closer still to the beautiful girl.

Mia's eyes opened as she felt an odd sensation tracing its way over her lips, quickly comprehension struck her and she opened her mouth enough to allow Jenna's tongue access to her own. The two circled around, exploring the other as they

exchanged a statement of affection to each other. Their hands ran across the other's body, sending the sensations from earlier that day firing through their forms. The feel of their lips and tongues surrounding the other's added to these in the most amazing ways.

Mia, feeling the warmth pulsing through her body from wherever Jenna's tender touches graced her, felt a cool warmth pulsing from the exchange in their mouths, seeking out more as she explored Jenna's mouth. She found herself blushing intensely as she realised this thought, but didn't care. She didn't care what other might think. She loved being with Jenna, she loved spending time with her, she loved these sensations, and she loved the girl herself.

Jenna, feeling the soothing coolness brought by Mia's caresses over her body, revelled in the heat of Jenna's mouth. It seemed to radiate into her, mingling with the cooling sensations coursing through her, before it just made her hotter and hotter. Jenna found herself attacking Mia's tongue with a fervour that bordered on sheer lust, but she managed to keep her feelings in check. She just wanted to savour this moment with the girl she loved.

Eventually, the two girls broke apart, sweating, panting, and furiously blushing from what they had just done. Mia backed away from Jenna again, afraid that she may attack her again, or that she might do the same, but she was smiling to the girl. Jenna gladly returned the smile, looking relieved that the one kiss they shared may not have been their last.

"As I was saying:" Mia panted, smirking wider, which caused Jenna to giggle slightly, *"It's just that I am confused about how I feel. Or, should I say, how I felt. I like you too, Jenna."*

Jenna almost laughed, both from the joy those words brought her, and from how obvious that had been considering her reaction to the kiss. She bounded closer and hugged the girl, ensuring to plant a very chaste kiss on her lips. Mia laughed and did the same as Jenna released her from the hug. Mia took her hand in her own, allowing the familiar warmth to fill her again. Jenna smiled, enjoying the cool touch of the girl's hand in her own. It felt so much better when they were held together.

The two girls smiled to each other, bathed in the pale moonlight of Luna high above them, before they returned to bed for the night.

Well, there we are.

Got kinda into it for a moment there... honestly thought I was gonna take a path down into a lemon. I'm not sure if I'm thankful or not that I didn't go that far.

Anyway... you know, I don't know what to ask here...

What did you think, I guess?

Any recommendations on how to improve this?

(Except for going lemon?)

Oh, if you want to request something, but don't have an account, leave it at the end of a review.

(I'm making a sparkship after an anon reviewer requested it on "Smile")

Well, hope you enjoyed it,

Your pal,

Droory